

SPECIAL
MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT
WANT ADVERTISERS.

PRICE ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.
11 KILLED!

Collision and Fire on the West
Shore Railroad.

A Passenger Train Dashes Into a
Freight Near Port Byron.

Between Thirty and Forty Injured,
Some of Whom May Die.

Trainmen Believe That There Are Still
More Bodies in the Wreck.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 6.—A terrible accident occurred on the West Shore Railroad, near Port Byron, at 2 o'clock this morning. A passenger train dashed into the rear of a freight train, making an awful wreck.

Eleven persons have been taken out dead, and it is feared there are more in the debris. The injured will number thirty or forty.

THE KILLED.
MICK BERGEN, of East Buffalo, fireman of the passenger engine.
ALFRED, CANADIAN.
ROCCO, COCO.
BLAUER, VINCENTO.
HURON, DONALD.
MORRIS, DONALD.
ROSE, LINGHARD.
STENFELD, DOMINIC.
SCUZZAFUTO, ANTONIO.
CRANBURY, DEVALINE.
An unknown Italian.

JOHN MEYER, of 1035 Fillmore avenue, Buffalo; FRANK J. SEITZ, 427 North Salina street, Syracuse; PATRICK RYAN, engineer, East Buffalo; JOE KUCMAN, stockman, of St. Louis; for Wilford & Co.; BENJAMIN E. PIRTS, of 217 East Madison street; J. H. SAKLEY, Hamilton, Ont.; JOHN P. SUTHER, Easton, Pa.; WILLIAM A. WILKINSON, California; LOUIS DICKER, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. K. LAATY, Norway; CARABELLA NICKERL, AGOSTINO KUNCO, CARABON'S MONTE, CARABELLI LIPPI, AGOSTINO LIPPI, GRALYONA REICO, MARCARILLI JESSE, SYVELLI AGOSTO, AGOSTINO TOCCO, CORNELIA ANTONIO.

Many others were injured, who did not get for medical attention, and consequently did not give their names.

SCENE OF THE WRACK.
The freight train was going West, and when between Port Byron and Montezuma broke in two.

A brakeman was sent back to give warning to following trains, but the morning was so foggy, it is claimed, that nothing could be seen.

Fast train No. 3 was behind the freight. It came rushing along without thought of danger to the engineer. Suddenly there was a crash, and screams of terror filled the air.

DANGER TO DEATH.
The passenger train had dashed into the rear half of the freight train.

The fireman of the passenger train, Michael Bergey, was instantly killed.

Engineer John Ryan, of Buffalo, had his car crushed in and was probably internally injured.

The smoking car was filled with Italians on route to Niagara Falls.

Ten of the Italians were instantly killed and thirty or forty in the same car were injured.

THE WRACK ON FIRE.
To add to the horror, the wreck caught fire. The scene of the accident is four miles from Port Byron and two from Montezuma station.

The dense fog that prevailed over the Montezuma marshes enveloped the trains and tracks and made the work of reaching the scene difficult.

Physicians and other aid were sent from Syracuse, Auburn, Montezuma and Port Byron.

When they reached the wreck they found a terrible scene.

Of the many Italians in the smoking car, only one escaped injury, and he was on the platform, usually considered the place of greatest danger.

REMOVING THE VICTIMS.
The bodies of the dead were taken to Port Byron, where Coroner Stewart will hold an inquest.

was in charge of Conductor T. Tobin, and the engineer was S. W. Whitcomb.

It left Port Byron about 2:10 o'clock this morning. About a mile east of Montezuma the freight train broke in two.

The passenger train was just behind, and not having been warned of the wreck crashed into the end of the freight train.

Nine Italian passengers and the fireman of the passenger train were killed and nineteen others injured, ten of whom were Italians.

The wreck took fire from the hot coals thrown from the furnace of the overturned locomotive, but none of the passengers were burned, and the bodies were recovered from the wreck untouched by the flames.

The train hands got to work and rescued the injured from the wreckage. Afterwards they turned their attention to the dead and recovered them all unscathed.

The Italians were all from Tompkins County and were en route to Niagara Falls in charge of Sarvito Bonafant.

The injured passengers were taken to the hospital at Syracuse. Some of the injured are badly hurt and others have received slight bruises and suffer from concussion.

Conductor Tobin, of the freight train, and his flagman, Edward Connolly, died after the accident and have not yet been found.

Engineer Whitcomb, of the freight train, was taken to the hospital, but he was so badly hurt that he was unable to give his name.

Engineer Ryan of the passenger train, who was badly hurt, was not able to say whether or not his train had been flagged.

PINNED IN THE WRACK.
The Story of a Passenger Saved from Horrible Death.

(BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.)
SYRACUSE, Aug. 6.—The wrecked passenger train was the Chicago and St. Louis limited, stopping only at Newark and Rochester between this city and Buffalo.

J. J. Sullivan, of this city, was on his way to Buffalo. He was in the ground inside the tracks and the surviving passengers were doing all they could for the relief of the wounded.

He said: "The scene was a terrible one. The smoking car was smashed to splinters and the shrieks of the wounded who were impaled on the wreckage were heart-rending."

"I left the scene on the special train, and do not know what had been done towards caring for the injured."

"There were about fifteen killed, and I should think about twenty injured."

"When I left the dead and wounded were scattered about on the ground inside the tracks and the surviving passengers were doing all they could for the relief of the wounded."

John F. Bowditch, of Boston, said he had been riding in the smoking car and had been in a dose, but was fully awake when the crash came.

"The first thing that attracted my attention was the working of the air-brake. It flashed through my mind that something terrible was about to happen."

"Quicker than I could take a second thought there was a crash, shrieks and screams, and the scene was a terrible one."

I felt myself pinned down by a great weight. I could look below me and see broken boards, beams and car wheels, but was unable to move. Soon I heard the cracking of flames.

You cannot imagine the horror that crept over me as I thought that in the next moment the flames would be upon me and I would be slowly cremated alive."

"My God, help me!" I cried. "Hurry, hurry!"

"Just then I heard a voice: 'Here's a man alive; let's get him out.'"

"Then I heard the sound of axes, and pleasant voices never greeted my ears, I can assure you."

"It was hope not unmixed with fear, however, for there frequently came the thought that the roaring flames would drive away the workers before they reached me and I would be left to my fate."

"I suppose it was only a few minutes, but it seemed an age when daylight broke in from above and two burly trainmen handed me out."

UNION PACIFIC'S BIG DROP.
Rumors About the Railroad That Affect All Stocks.

Union Pacific Railroad stock fell on the Stock Exchange to-day to 35 1/2, the lowest price touched for years.

It was said that the company was in straits and had been forced to borrow \$2,000,000 at 8 per cent. interest and 5 per cent. commission.

From London come stories that Union Pacific was about to go into the hands of a receiver.

President Dillon denied that the company was in trouble.

Union Pacific's fall affected all railway stocks on the market.

The Quotations.

American Sugar Ref. 100 1/2
American Oil 100 1/2
Chicago & North Western 100 1/2
Illinois Central 100 1/2
Missouri Pacific 100 1/2
Northern Pacific 100 1/2
Rock Island 100 1/2
St. Paul & Northern Pacific 100 1/2
Union Pacific 35 1/2
Wells Fargo 100 1/2

Port Byron is about twenty-five miles below Syracuse, and 300 miles from this city. Gen. Supt. Bradley, of the West Shore Railroad, gives the following account of the accident:

"The train to which the accident happened left Westbush at 2:30 o'clock last evening. It consisted of nine cars and a locomotive. The train reached Port Byron at 2:10 o'clock this morning and departed from there five minutes later."

WHITE CAPS AT WORK

Morals Regulated with Ropes' Ends in Bay Head, N. J.

And Violence Threatened by Vigilantes at Corona, L. I.

John Clayton Flogged and Ducked by an Injured Husband's Friends.

Indignant Virtue has asserted herself in a singularly like way in two places quite remote from each other. She takes the form of vigilantes or regulators in each instance, and warns offenders of their wrongs, and the elder O'Neill has frequently been accused of improper relations with various women, much to the horror of the community.

It is claimed that his name was unpleasantly connected with that of the wife of Capt. Michael Reagan of Long Island City, who died suddenly, and O'Neill's wife then began preparations to secure a divorce.

YOUNG O'NEILL'S ELOPEMENT.
The elopement of young O'Neill with the daughter of Dr. Edward Fagan, of New York, about a year ago created another stir in this vicinity, and coupled with the abuse he is charged with having done heaped upon her these circumstances have brought about a foment of popular indignation.

Then the frequent absence of the elder O'Neill from his home here, and the alleged conduct of the son towards his wife, culminating in her leaving him, were too much for the good people of Corona, and they determined that, like the Chinese, the O'Neills must be taught a lesson.

Some of the best class of citizens organized with the object of punishing the return of the O'Neills, and everybody here has since then lived in anticipation of a startling development. Failure and success were out of the question.

An Evening World reporter, who journeyed to this village this morning, found a feeling of suppressed excitement pervading the place. Inquiry at O'Neill's saloon, where he is supposed to be, failed to reveal his whereabouts.

A few days after that he again surprised Clayton and his wife together, and after kicking the fellow into the street, he put his wife out of the house and forbade her to return.

Since then she had been living with Clayton. Parker shut up his house and went to the city, and the woman and her renewed his suit for divorce.

Clayton and the woman disported themselves in public and shocked the good people of the place by their conduct, who then determined to get rid of them.

REGULATORS ON THEIR TRAIL.
John Chadwick, who is the general store at Bay Head, was one of the regulators, and he this morning gave an Evening World reporter this version of the affair:

"Will Parker, butcher Wyckoff's Applegate, Benjamin F. Hance, myself and several others got together and decided to run Clayton out of town and punish him for his conduct. At first we were going to give him a coat of tar and feathers and ride him on a rail, but he escaped that because we had no rail."

"We learned that Clayton and Mrs. Parker usually spent their nights on a yacht lying in Johnson's inlet, which is at the head of Bay Head. We went there and got on board. Capt. Mortimer Johnson's yacht Sunday night, and then we knew our game was trapped."

"Our party divided, one section crossing to the other side of the inlet, where they took boats and surrounded the yacht from the water side, so as to cut off Clayton's escape. The others, led by Will Parker, boarded the yacht from shore."

THOUGHT IT WAS ALL A JOKE.
Clayton thought it was all a joke and laughed in our faces, but he soon realized that it was no joke for him."

"Two of us seized him by the neck, two by the arms, and we tied a rope around him; and then, one, two, three—souse he went overboard."

"He was hauled back and thrown over again three times. Then we took him out, stripped him, cut our rope into several lengths and gave him a sound flogging. He yelled for mercy, but received none."

"We thought this punishment was even too light, and after beating him till we thought he could stand no more, we compelled him to jump into the river and swim across."

"Before he jumped he was told never to show his face again in Bay Head if he didn't want the dose repeated."

"We did not consider the woman any better than he, and were going to give her a ducking, too, but some one objected because she was a woman. We finally let her go unpunished. Her husband wasn't present."

"She saw what Clayton got, but it did not seem to impress her, for as soon as we had gone she took a boat and rowed to Point Pleasant where she met Clayton and left with him on a train."

Parker, the husband, knew nothing of our action, but I know he would approve of it, for he hears it. We all are his friends, and we did not act without taking legal advice first. We consulted ex-Assemblyman Jonathan Goble, of Burdette, and he told us to either tar and feather or duck the fellow in the river and then make him run the gauntlet. The punishment was decided in a few good enough for us and we followed it."

WARNED OFF BY WHITE CAPS.
Patrick O'Neill and his son, William, Not Wanted in Corona.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
CORONA, L. I., Aug. 6.—Patrick O'Neill and his son, William T. O'Neill, two wealthy residents of this village, have been given exactly one week in which to pack up their effects and retire to some other locality.

They have been marked for punishment by the White Caps for alleged bad behavior and cruel treatment of their wives.

The O'Neills have apparently taken time by the reek for, although their saloon opposite the depot in full blast this morning and their household effects in their handsome home a few hundred feet away are undisturbed, they have mysteriously disappeared.

Their present whereabouts is a source of much speculation, particularly to the villagers, who under the guise of White Caps, have taken it upon themselves to relieve this community of their presence.

RAMMED IN EFFORT.
The latest evidence of the White Caps' determination to carry out the notice they

served on the O'Neills on Tuesday to leave greeted the villagers this morning in the shape of a stuffed man dangling from a telegraph wire in the middle of Grand avenue, the principal street of the village.

The wire stretches across the street to a pole not a dozen yards back of O'Neill's saloon, between the hours of midnight and daylight this morning the industrious White Caps hoisted the effigy as a hint to the O'Neills. A piece of white muslin tacked across the bosom of the stuffed figure bears these words painted in black letters:

"WARRING.
"William F. O'Neill, you brute, leave town."

At both lower ends of the muslin are the White Cap symbols of skulls and crossbones. A similar inscription remains to the breeze from the back of the dummy.

Every villager who is able to walk passed down Grand avenue this morning to gaze at the effigy and the warning.

The O'Neills are originally from Greenpoint, and it is claimed they were once wealthy stores in New York, one of which is said to be on the corner of Twenty-sixth street and sixth avenue. The elder O'Neill is reported to be worth \$300,000.

With his wife and son he came to this village two years ago. The father paid \$8,000 for a handsome home, and later set his son, William F. O'Neill, in business as a saloon opposite the depot. Since their advent the O'Neills have incurred the ill will of the villagers by alleged abuse of their wives, and the elder O'Neill has frequently been accused of improper relations with various women, much to the horror of the community.

It is claimed that his name was unpleasantly connected with that of the wife of Capt. Michael Reagan of Long Island City, who died suddenly, and O'Neill's wife then began preparations to secure a divorce.

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IDENTIFIED AGAIN.

Rev. Thomas Martin Knows the Girl Murdered at Glendale.

Says She Was His Servant, Hannah Robinson.

Coroner Homer Doesn't Want Newspapers to Catch the Assassin.

The body of the girl who was found strangled to death in Myers' lane, Glendale, L. I., on Sunday morning was again identified this morning.

Coroner Homer says he is satisfied that this time the identification is bona-fide, and that the mystery of the girl's identity is at last cleared up.

It only remains, he says, to find out who murdered her.

THE IDENTIFIED GIRL.
The identifier this time is the Rev. Thomas Martin, of Hewlett, L. I.

He says the murdered girl is Hannah Robinson, a domestic who worked for his family.

Shortly after 8 o'clock this morning, before Coroner Homer had breakfasted, Rev. Mr. Martin and a woman called at his hotel and asked to be taken over to the little morgue near by, so that they might see the body.

They said that they suspected that the dead girl was their servant girl, who had been missing from their residence near Far Rockaway since Saturday last, the day before the dead girl's body was found.

DESCRIBED HER ACCURATELY.
Before taking the couple over to the morgue the coroner questioned them closely regarding their servant's wearing apparel, and so perfectly did they describe the dead girl's effects, that the coroner was satisfied that the missing servant and the girl at the morgue were one and the same.

Strangely enough, the coroner took no note of the names of his visitors, but it was afterwards learned that the man was Rev. Mr. Martin.

HOMER MAYNELL CATCHES THE ASSASSIN.
Coroner Homer, when questioned as to the identity of the parties, said:

"I've got the names of the parties right here (planning a piece of paper), but I shan't give them away, because I'm going to catch this murderer and don't propose to have the newspapers do it for me."

The coroner finally admitted that the man and woman had identified the girl as Hannah Robinson, an English servant girl who had lived with them for the last two months.

The identifiers said that the girl left their home Saturday and took the 4:20 train, supposedly for Long Island City.

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The World.

ON BOARD and BOARDERS WANTED and HOUSES, APARTMENTS and ROOMS to RENT.

ESOP ON CURRENT EVENTS. XXVII.



A Monkey, which lived in the same family with some Cats, spied chestnuts roasting on the hearth. He determined upon a plan to get them and said to the Cats: "Come, we shall not go without our dinner to-day. Your claws are better than mine for the purpose. You pull them out of the hot ashes and you shall have half."

But the Cats were struck by the idea that their paws might be burned and did not fall in with the proposal.

If you want a job well done you will have to do it yourself if you cannot fool any one else into doing it for you.

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.
Photographs of Daily Life All Over the Country.

Held for Selling Watered Milk.
Herman Blaise, grocer, of 67 East Tenth street, was held at Essex Market to-day for selling adulterated milk.

Died of Burns.
Mary H. Bain, a servant, aged twenty, died at Bellevue last night from burns. Her clothing caught fire at 1174 Second avenue, where she was employed.

Failed and \$8,000 Short.
Fred A. Bessey, a box manufacturer at 455 West Twenty-sixth street, filed schedules to-day showing liabilities, \$9,000; assets, \$1,700.

The Chief Cook Fell Dead.
The steamship City of Savannah's captain reported to-day that P. Kamna, the chief cook, fell dead on board the ship on Tuesday.

Burned Out the Watchman.
At 3:45 this morning, fire did \$2,500 damage in the Gowanus Smelting Works, on King near Fourth street, Brooklyn. Henry Wilper, the watchman, lost \$300 worth of furniture.

Capt. McCullagh Says "No Evidence."
Capt. McCullagh's written report to Chief Byrnes to-day says that there is no evidence that Fred Koff was murdered.

Broke the Old Man's Skull.
Mary Leonard and William Brennan quarreled at 439 Seventy-sixth street, where they live. The woman hit Brennan on the head with a stick and broke his skull.